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him; but the Faun suddenly awakes, breaks his bonds, and seizes the young delinquent by the hair. Another work now nearly completed by the same artist, is a Fountain, a commission for Lady Marianne Alford, who was one of the first to appreciate and patronize Miss Hosmer. The basin of the fountain is formed of a series of large shells, from the centre of which rises a pedestal bearing on the summit a syren. Round the base of the pedestal are three water-sprites, seated on dolphins, each little chubby face being turned upwards, or in a listening attitude, to catch a glimpse of the being who is discoursing such sweet melody. Graceful in design, the entire group, so far as we can judge of it in its present state, bids fair to be one of the most finished works of the fair artist.

"From the same country as Miss Hosmer is Miss Edmonia Lewis, a colored lady, whose extreme youth and color invite our warmest sympathies. Born of an Indian mother, and a Negro father, she passed the first twelve years of her life in the wilds, fishing, hunting, swimming, and making moccasins. Her love of sculpture was first shown on her seeing a statue of Franklin. 'I will make something like that,' she said to a benevolent gentleman who engaged an artistic friend in New York to permit her to visit his studio. Then she had some clay given her, and the model of an infant's foot, which she imitated so well as to merit praise and encouragement. 'I often longed to return to the wilds,' she said, 'but my love of sculpture forbade it;' and here she is alone, a simple girl of twenty-three years of age, struggling against the prejudice entertained towards her race, and competing with the finished masters of the art. As she has been here only two months she has not much to show. A bust of Colonel Shaw, who commanded the first colored regiment ever formed, is a meritorious work, and has been ordered by the family of the brave colonel who died fighting for his country. Another bust, of Mr. Dionysius Lewis, of New York, is nearly completed as a commission. The first ideal work of our young artist is a freed woman falling on her knees, and with clasped hands and uplifted eyes thanking God for the blessings of liberty. She has not forgotten her people, and this early dedication of her genius to their cause is honorable to her feelings. Two other groups, the design of which are taken from Longfellow's *Minnehaha*, are nearly modeled. They represent first Hiawatha coming to the wigwam of his love, and laying down a deer at her feet, in token of an offer of marriage; and, secondly, Hiawatha leading away his chosen bride, 'So hand in hand they went.'"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

A highly interesting work on Mexico has been published in Paris. It is full of descriptions of the soil, climate, and people, and is called "*La Terre Temperee*." The author, Lucien Blart, a Frenchman, has resided nearly twenty years in that country. The book is said to be full of episodes, each of which would form the material for a three volume novel. The first volume of Maximilian's Memoirs is extensively read in Europe, and is said to be very interesting.

The late Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, England, left a fortune of \$350,000, \$100,000 of which was bequeathed to the foundation of additional scholarships in the University of Cambridge, besides a considerable sum set apart for

the erection of courts or hotels for the reception of students, the income thereof to be applied for the endowment of a "Professorship of International law," of the annual value of \$500, and also for founding scholarships for the encouragement of the study of law. It is enjoined that the new law professor, in his lectures and in his treatment of all parts of the subject of international law, shall "make it his aim to suggest such plans as will tend to diminish the evils of war, and the final extinguishment of war between nations."

John R. Bartlett, of Providence, has published a catalogue of "Rebellion" books. They number 6,073, and the catalogue fills a volume of 4,077 pages. The Historian of the War will be expected to read all these through carefully, and come out *mens sana in corpore sano*, and sum up the truth, free of passion and prejudice, and not do, as the Romans did, leave the task of elucidating the civil war to some Napoleon, two thousand years hence.

Announced as nearly ready are the three volumes, by John Cochran, Elder of the Free Church of Scotland, entitled, "The Revelation to John, its own Interpreter, in virtue of the double version in which it is delivered;" "The Second Personal Coming of the Son of Man, proved to have taken place;" and "The American Union proved to be the New Heaven and the New Earth."

Bohn, of London, has just issued a catalogue of second-hand books, containing Greek and Latin miscellanies, including theology, fathers of the church, philology, modern Latin poetry, facetiae, satires, manuscripts, and Chinese drawings. In his preface he speaks of this list as, in all probability, his last catalogue, purposing "retiring from business, as far as practicable, within the next twelve months."

It is stated that Cooper's "Spy" was translated into Persian and published at Ispahan in 1848, and is very popular in the land of Iren.

"The Crown of Wild Olive" is the name of John Ruskin's new book, now much talked of in England.

It is feared the bilingual inscription, lately discovered in Egypt, will not prove more valuable to general literature than did the Rosetta inscription. "The difficulty," says the *Journal of Commerce*, "lies in this: that the language of the ancient Egyptians is not only dead but lost. The discovery of an ancient Egyptian manuscript, of Koptic words written in Greek or Latin characters, would be of more value than a score of bilingual or trilingual inscriptions. Small fragments here and there of the old language have enabled learned men to restore a very considerable portion of it; but even about this they do not agree. The problem is to read an unknown language written in unknown characters. It is not unlike what would be required if a man should manufacture a series of words, never before heard of, to each of which he should assign an arbitrary value, and spell them with an arbitrary alphabet. For example: let it be supposed that for the word 'ship' a man should use the sound made in uttering the letters t w m n, and instead of writing these letters should use signs never before known as representing letters. It would be manifestly impossible for any man, however skilled in cryptography, to ascertain even the value of the signs, nor if he were told their value could he have the slightest conception what was meant by the sound t w m n."

A letter of Byron has been discovered, in which he says: "Will you tell Drury I have a treasure for him, a whole set of original Burne's letters, never published or to be published, for they are full of fearful oaths and the most *nauseous* songs, all humorous, but coarse. However, they are curiosities, and show him quite in a new light. The mixture, or rather contrast of tenderness, delicacy, obscenity, and coarseness in the same mind is wonderful."

Still another, in which he refers at length to the lady who was about to become his wife, "the moment the lawyers and settlers will let us."

The little city of Hartford has sent out 821,000 volumes of "war literature," valued at \$2,500,000. The book that sold best was a cheap, trashy book of "Rebellion Scenes and Characters," with atrocious and coarse wood cuts, of which \$500,000 worth were sold.

Mr. Richard Brinsley Knowles, son of Sheridan Knowles, writes that "Alexina; or True Unto Death," the posthumous play of his father, recently brought out in London, is simply the dialogue of a ballad opera, which the late Mr. Knowles wrote years ago, the songs omitted, and that it was originally intended as the libretto of an opera. The piece is a romantic drama in two acts, strongly suggestive in its plot of the "Sergeant's Wife," and "Raymond and Agnes."

The scene is laid in the suburbs of Moscow; a Russian nobleman, named Ivan, is benighted in a forest, and is saved by a girl called Alexina, from being assassinated by the landlord of the lonely inn, to which he had been conducted by a postillion in league with the banditti. In the second act, Alexina, having made her escape in the guise of a peasant lad, accidentally learns that a second attempt is to be made on the life of Count Ivan, and that the only way of saving him is to supply a victim to take the place of the one contemplated in the murderous designs of the assassin. With a strong feeling of love for Ivan, she resolves to save his life at the sacrifice of her own. She enters his villa, takes his place upon the couch, and the fatal dagger is about to be plunged into the heart of the apparent nobleman, when the assassin is arrested, and the Russian Count, struck with Alexina's self-devotion, confesses that she was "true unto death," and raises her from the condition of a serf to rank and fortune. The writing is highly characteristic of the author, abounding in those inversions of words which give a kind of Elizabethan flavor to the blank verse.

A foreign paper relates the following doubly dramatic scene:

Simpson, the actor, whose strength was always failing, invariably refused to take the medicine furnished by his physician, and the latter was compelled to use different stratagems to make him swallow them. There is a drama, in which the leading-man, a prisoner, is condemned to take poison. Simpson was playing this part on a certain night, and had given the property-man instructions to fill the goblet with port wine. When night came on, he was preparing to swallow the poison, and, to his horror, discovered that his port wine was senna! There was no chance of escape, and he could not throw it away, for he was compelled to swallow it in the presence of his persecutors, and to show there was no poison left in the cup. With the air of a martyr, Simpson swallowed the horrible drug, slowly and calmly, and the audience applauded loudly; but he never forgave his physician the infamous practical joke, and died without ever paying his bill.

Mr. Fechter, the favorite of London, is playing the dual character in the "Corsican Brothers."

Rossi, the famous Italian tragedian, is playing Hamlet in Paris. Rossi has been treated by

Nature like a spoiled child; he is of plastic beauty, and his voice, eye and presence are all in his favor. His success was great; still it was strange to witness an English tragedy performed in Italian before a French public.

A London paper relates the following under the head of "Origin of Equestrian Performances in England:

About ninety-five years ago, a man excited the curiosity and called forth the wonder of the metropolis by riding a single horse on full gallop, while standing upright in the saddle. This person first exhibited in a field near Bancroft's Alms-House at Mile End. The place was inclosed with boards to prevent any gratuitous view of the exercise, and the price of admittance was one shilling. The next year he exhibited himself and his horse in a spacious inclosure near the Five Fields, Chelsea, and such were the wonderful crowds who daily attended the performance, that he acquired a sufficient property to enable him to retire, and establish himself at the principal inn at Derby. His exhibition consisted in little or no variety but such as arose from the greater or less speed of the horse which he rode, and occasionally, in its course, vaulting over the back of the animal.

M. Victor Sardou has just given the finishing stroke to his new comedy, which had been stopped by reason of his illness. It is entitled "Nos Dons Villageois," and will be produced in the autumn at the Gymnase, Paris. A new piece will also be written by the same author for the Vandeville. There is also a rumor afloat of a three-act piece for the Palais Royal, and a grand drama for the Gaite.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE AMERICAN ECLECTIC MEDICAL REVIEW, John F. Trow & Co., Greene street, New York.—We have received the July number of this excellent magazine, and find its contents both important and interesting. It is full of strong thoughts, and its principles are broad and comprehensive. It ignores the absolute and narrow dogmas of the old school, and labors to let in light upon the dim and dusty theories which are only honorable because time has sanctified their absurdities. The motto of the Eclectic school is Inquiry and Progress, which accords with the spirit of the age, and will win votaries in every thinking community.

We copy the following stringent editorial from its pages, on the subject of the Eclectic Medical College of the city of New York, for the reasons that the subject is important, and because the truths it contains should be known and recognized.

THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—The importance of this institution can hardly be over-estimated. It will have its foundation laid in a time of peculiar interest in the history of our country, and in the midst of a vast population of all nationalities and of all political, religious and medical creeds, with a vast multitude who are ever vibrating, "unstable as water," without convictions or settled opinions. Here, it will commence its existence and growth, in the midst of and surrounded by Allopathic schools of medicine, with an atmosphere of exclusive hardness, illiberality, bigotry, intolerance, and professional tyranny, that will call for the exercise of great devotion, firmness, patience, equanimity, and at times charity on the part of its faculty, and the friends entrusted with its management. We look upon these as the conditions essential to a sturdy and vigorous growth, and not as disadvantages. "Excelsior" implies mountains to be climbed, obstacles to be overcome, the loftiest altitude to be aspired to,

endless progression. "Excelsior" is our motto and will be that of the Eclectic Medical College of the city of New York. The pure bracing air among the mountains of opposition only warm our blood or the welcome struggle. The right, if persisted in, must and will nobly triumph. Prove us the wrong and we will always be the first to yield up any opinion or practice, however cherished, and go for the right. We believe there is more indefensible medical malpractice in the city of New York than in any other place on this continent, and that this evil is largely on the increase, especially among the helpless poor whose Doctor's bills are paid for out of the public treasury, and that this is due in a great measure, to the rapid and unfair concentration of political, professional, and exclusive official power in the hands of those who are at the head of the various Allopathic schools, who have proved themselves adepts in the arts of management and demagoguery. To meet this uprising tide of medical infidelity to the interests of the sick and afflicted—to check this selfish disregard of experience and of life—we look upon the founding of the Eclectic Medical College in this city as a measure of the utmost beneficence and importance. It will at once become the rallying point and impregnable citadel, for all who would avoid the tyrannous domination of Allopathic professional pretension and intolerance. Already a numerous body of students have signified their intention of attending, and the prospect bids fair that the number will be largely increased before opening day. The Eclectic Medical College will make a large and constantly increasing drain on the Allopathic Medical Schools located here, of the more independent, manly and mentally unfettered students desirous of becoming truly enlightened and skilful in all things pertaining to their profession. This institution will present unequalled advantages, as it will teach all that is distinctive in the Allopathic Curriculum in addition to the full Eclectic course of instruction. The creed of the Eclectic Medical College of the city of New York is fully embodied in the scriptural injunction, "Prove all things, and hold fast (only) that which is good." This sententious formula will be placed in letters of gold over the portals of the new institution.

Starting on this basis, can any one for a moment doubt of its permanent success. We call earnestly on all Eclectic medical practitioners everywhere, to advise and encourage students to attend upon this school, which will have advantages equal to any of our excellent older Eclectic medical schools, with some special desiderabilia not to be obtained elsewhere, at any price. Arrangements have been made, which will afford the finest hospital facilities, for observing and comparing the results achieved by the various schools of medicine in the application of their distinctive remedies, pathological theories, and general and special practice, to which will be added peculiar advantages in surgery and in the treatment of various forms of disease.

AMERICAN ART IN ENGLAND.

Geo. H. Boughton has two small pictures in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy, of which from among many complimentary notices we print the following:

Telegraph, June 4.

Mr. Boughton supplies us with an exact contrast to Mr. Hayllar's view of life and art, in his picture of "The Swing—Brittany" (537). The children are clothed in russet and grey; their heavy dresses fall in straight folds; they are rough, with a rusticity far beyond that of the English cottager. Even if they did not wear the sabot, they are evidently of a type of childhood very different from Mr. Hayllar's "airy fairy" vision—the creation of the Bond-street milliner. Nor has Mr. Boughton sought to render attractive by his art the clumsy forms of the peasant girls of Brittany; there is no sharp precision of outline in his picture; in style it is the reverse of the effective. Yet this is a

work of art full of unity, delicacy, and points of luminous, not glittering, brightness; the other is a creditable specimen of British manufacture. And thus, basing his art on the practice of Edouard Frère, Mr. Boughton has peopled a woodland glade with the group at play. The girls who work the swing stand solemn, intent on their duty. Its occupant bears witness to her enjoyment of the fun. She flies through the air, instinct with all the poetry of momentary action, with all the abandon of rapid movement; the breeze rushes through her hair; even her clumsy wooden shoe darts forward through the air, yielding to the impulse of her flight.

Athenæum, May 19.

Mr. G. H. Boughton's "Wayside Devotion, Brittany," (107)—a girl kissing the feet of a crucifix, which stands by an unfrequented path, has much fervor of simple expression and a capital painted landscape background. "The Swing, Brittany," (537)—children at play, deserves admiration for its solidity and coloring, the design of the figures, and their attitudes and expressions. The landscape is excellent, though a little mannered.

Spectator.

Here may be mentioned Mr. Boughton's "Wayside Devotion" (107), as a thoroughly real bit of action. This reality is characteristic of the school in which he has studied; so, too, but less commendable, is the artificially neutralized color of the background.

The Reader.

G. H. Boughton works in the low key affected by some of our French brethren, and that key in Mr. Boughton's hands is a very pleasing one. His "Wayside Devotion, Brittany" (107), in which we see a peasant girl kissing reverently the foot of a wooden cross, is very simple but very beautiful.

Fall Mail Gazette, May 10.

A charming little picture is Mr. Boughton's "Wayside Devotion, Brittany." A Breton peasant girl stands and kisses the feet of a wayside crucifix. The simplicity of treatment is complete. In the girl's dress, posture, and countenance, the course of a whole coming life is suggested. Only the feet and a little more of the figure of the Christ are included in the picture, by a happy stroke of art which at once concentrates the attention on the child, and suggests the sufferings whose remembrance is filling her tired heart with hope and comfort. Considering the utter affectation and twaddling sentimentalism of the things which are popular as religious pictures and religious prints it is delightful to come across a little work like this, where the painter has not only painted what he has seen, but has understood and sympathized with what he saw before he attempted it. Another small and good picture by the same artist, taken also from the life, and giving us a bevy of Breton girls swinging, is a pleasant painting of a pleasant scene, and, like the last described, displays that sympathetic quality which is so little to be detected among English painters of the fashionable sentimental school. In truth, this sympathetic quality is incompatible with the effeminate sentimentalism which finds so much favor with artists, for the reason that it finds favor with purchasers. Genuine feeling, and that thorough throwing oneself into the work of art that one is attempting to accomplish, cannot from their very nature be called up in the manufacture of goods for the shop-keeper, even though those goods go by the name of pictures and the shop-keeper goes by the name of a picture-dealer.

London Times.

In Mr. Boughton's "Wayside Devotion" (107)—a Breton peasant girl kissing the feet of a Christ on the Cross, such as often border on the Armerican country roads—we have one of many evidences that, for some reason or other, study in France enables painters to treat rustic life and feeling with more tenderness and taste than seem attainable by Englishmen's study of such subjects at home. This little picture is full of unexaggerated pathos and